



# **BIZARRE SEX No. 4**

**Retailer: Remove this  
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your own risk!**

**75c**





# BIZARRE SEX

KITCHEN SINK  
ENTERPRISES  
\$

No. 4  
75¢

IT CAME  
FROM  
ALPHA  
CENTAURI  
LOOKING  
FOR LOVE!





# TIT TULA

HARRY BYCKINK





## THE KINSMAN COWBOYS IN:

"HOW'D YA GET  
INTA THIS  
BIZNESS  
ENNYWAY?"

SETTING THE  
SCENE:  
PHIL  
CASTROVINCI  
AN'  
DON MACKO  
ARE  
VISITING  
HANDSOME  
HAL EPSTEIN,  
A  
COUNTER MAN,  
AT HIS  
PLACE OF  
EMPLOYMENT,  
SAM AND  
JERRY'S  
DELICATESSEN

HEY, HAL,  
WADDYA  
SAE?

C'MERE AN  
GIVE US SUM  
SERVICE!

AWRITE, AWRITE,  
AWREDDY! JIST  
A SECON'. 'TIL  
I TAKE CARE A  
THIS KID!

ART BY  
G. BUDGETT  
&  
G. DUMM

SHIRLEY  
SUCKS  
BIG

664  
FOR A  
GOOD  
FL

WRITTEN  
BY  
PEKAR  
5/72

O.K., KID, I MARKED  
THE PRICE ON TH'  
BAG. PAY THE LADY  
AT THE COUNTER ON  
YER WAY OUT.

SO WADDYA KNOW?  
YOU GUYS WANT  
SUMP'N TA EAT?

YEAH, MIGHT AS WELL  
HAVE SOMETHIN', GIMME  
A PASTRAMI AN  
A JEW BEER...

YOU SHIT/ JEW BEER!!  
CHOCCLIT PHOSPHATE TA YOU,  
MR. WOPERINI! WANT  
ANYTHING, DON?



WELL, JIS' GIMME  
A OR'NGE POP,  
( I DON'T FEEL LIKE  
EATIN' MUCH.

O.K., WAIT A  
MINNIT AN' I'LL  
GIT TH' STUFF!



O.K., HERE'S THE SHIT! I PUT  
A COUPLE EXTRA SLICES A  
PASTRAMI ON YER SAN'WICH,  
PHIL. DON'T SAY I NEVER  
DID NOTHIN' FOR YA!

I'LL REMEMBER  
YA IN MY WILL.

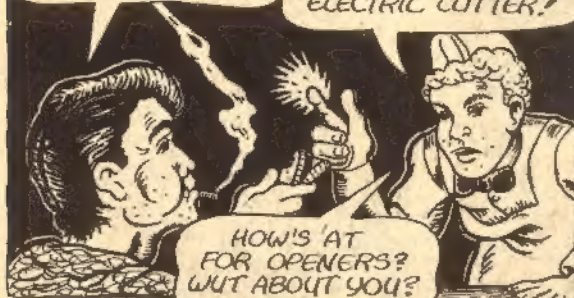
SO WUT'S NEW  
IN THE  
DELICATESSEN  
GAME, HAL?



YEAH, WUT'S NEW  
AN' EXCITIN' AROUND  
CORN BEEF  
HEAVEN?

WHAT SHOULD BE  
NEW? ( I NEARLY  
SLICED OFF MY  
FINGER ON A NEW  
ELECTRIC CUTTER!

AW, NUTHIN'. HEY, BUT MY  
COUSIN ROSS GOT INTA SOMETHIN'  
INNARESTIN'. HE'S THE GUY  
IN AT CLUB, "ADONIS A.C.", THAT  
HANGS AROUN' THE K.O.F.C. HALL.



HOW'S 'AT  
FOR OPENERS?  
WUT ABOUT YOU?



I KNOW WHO  
HE IS. WUTTA  
PUNK!

AW, SHIT TU, MACHO! YOU  
WUZ DOIN' TH' SAMETHING A  
COUPLA YEARS AGO WHEN  
YOU WAS HIS AGE. ANYWAY,  
HIM AN' HIS BUDDIES  
BROUGHT SUM GIRL DOWN  
TH' BASEMENT OF TH' HALL  
AN HADDA GANG-BANG!

YEAH, SHE TOOK  
ON HALF A DOZEN  
GUYS. BLOWIN'  
'EM, SCREWIN' 'EM,  
EVERYTHING!

MAN, I DON'  
SEE HOW A  
BROAD K'IN  
DO THAT.



A GANG-BANG!  
BOY, WHENZA  
LAST TIME  
I HEARD OF  
ONE A THEM?



NEITHER DO I,  
BUT I WISH I'D  
A BEEN THERE,  
I'M HORN!



HEY, BUT Y'KNOW WHAT?  
ROSS GOT 'ER PHONE  
NUMBER AN' E SAID  
HE'D GIMME IT. THINK  
I SHUD CALL 'ER?

WHAT DO WE  
HAVE TO LOSE?  
CALL!

AW, DOSE THINGS  
NEVER COME OFF  
WHEN YA PLAN 'EM!



O.K., FIRS' I GOTTA  
CALL ROSS FOR THAT  
NUMBER.

WE'LL PROBL'Y  
GIT TH' CLAP!

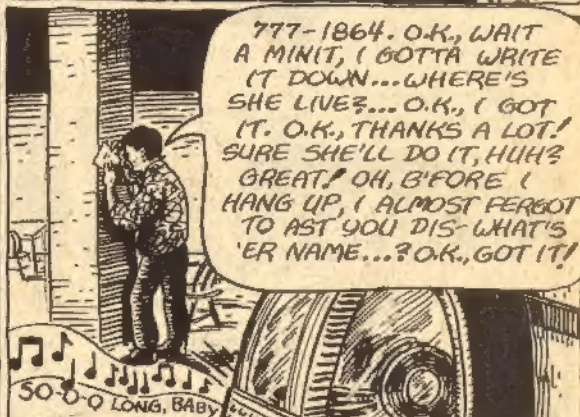
AW, WHY DON'  
YA LOOK AT  
TH' BRITE  
SIDE A  
LIFE ONCE  
INNA  
WHILE!



H'LO, ROSS. THIS'S PHIL.  
HEY, REMEMBER THAT GIRL  
YOU GUYS GANG-BANGED?  
HEY, GIMME 'ER NUMBER. ME  
AN SOME FREN'S WANNA  
LOOK 'ER UP!



777-1864. O.K., WAIT  
A MINIT, I GOTTA WRITE  
IT DOWN... WHERE'S  
SHE LIVE?... O.K., I GOT  
IT. O.K., THANKS A LOT!  
SURE SHE'LL DO IT, HUH?  
GREAT! OH, B'FORE I  
HANG UP, I ALMOST FERGOT  
TO AST YOU DIS-WHAT'S  
'ER NAME...? O.K., GOT IT!



O.K., HERE'S THE SCOOP: I GOT TH'  
BROAD'S NAME AN' NUMBER. SHE LIVES  
OVER ON BUCKEYE. I'LL CALL 'ER UP.  
YER GITTIN' OFF PRETTY SOON, RIGHT,  
HAL? SO YOU CAN GO WITH US. IF  
I CAN LINE THINGS UP. I'LL GO  
CALL 'ER.



H'LO, UH, IS 'IS  
BARBARA?



A FEW MINUTES LATER...

HEY, HEY, OL' SILVER-  
TONGUE SCORES AGAIN.  
WE GOTTA GO MEET 'ER  
AT TH' A+P PARKIN' LOT  
ON BUCKEYE. IT AIN'  
COOL T' GO TA HER HOUSE  
ON ACCOUNT OF HER  
OL' MAN'D GET  
SUSPICIOUS!



I TOL'ER WE'D TAKE 'ER TO TH'  
DRIVE-IN. WE'LL SPLIT THE COST OF  
'ER TICKET AN' WHAT SHE EATS  
LATER ON, O.K.? SO GO AHEAD AN'  
FINISH WHAT YER DOIN', HAL, AN'  
ME AN' DON'LL  
MEET YA IN  
FRONT WHEN  
YA GIT OFF.  
THEN WE'LL  
PICK 'ER UP.





AN HOUR LATER, DRIVING TO THE PICKUP...

HEY, PHIL, WUT'S  
'IS GIRL'S NAME,  
ENNUWAY?

'ER NAME'S  
BARBARA ABDO.

"ABDO"? WUT  
KIN'A NAME'S 'AT?

LEBANESE, I THINK.  
MY OL' MAN KNOWS A  
GAE IN THE GROCERY  
BIZNESS NAMED "ABDO"  
AN HE'S LEBANESE.

STICK  
IT  
'IN.

A A-RAB!  
HAL, YOU GOTTA  
GIT OUT! SHE AIN'  
GONNA WANNA  
FUCK NO JEW!

YA'LL MESS IT UP  
FOR EVERYBODY!

HEY, WAIT A MINNIT, WAIT  
A MINNIT. DON'S GOT A  
POINT. MAYBE SHE IS DOWN  
ON JEWS. WHAT SHUD WE DO?

AH, SCREW YOU! SHE'LL  
LOVE MY JEWISH DICK.  
WHAT SHE PROBLY DON'T DIG  
IS UNCIRCUMCIZED COCKS!

HMMM... I GOT IT. WE'LL  
MAKE UP A PHONY NAME  
FOR YA! WUT'S A GOOD  
NAME? THINK OF A GOOD  
NAME...

MADDAM HO

WELL, LEMME SEE... HMMM...  
HOW'S ABOUT "CHESTER LAQUATRA"?  
'AT'S A NAME A MY BARBER.

YEA, 'S, O.K. "CHESTER  
LAQUATRA", HUH? WONDER  
IF 'E'S RELATED TA THIS  
GAE I WORK WITH NAMED  
VINNIE LAQUATRA?  
'S NOT A COMMON  
NAME.

SCREECH

AY, MACKO, YOU  
LOOK LOST IN THOUGHT  
OVER DERE. WHAT'RE  
YA THINKIN' ABOUT?





AW, I WUZ JUS' WONDERIN' IF SHE'LL BE DERE. DESE TINGS ALWAYS SEEM TA GO HAYWIRE!

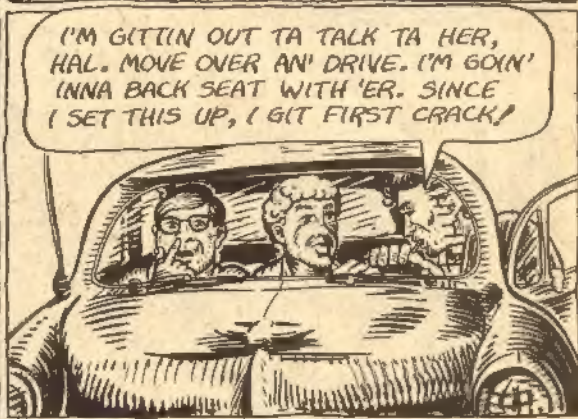
SO, IF IT DOES, IT DOES! WHAT HAVE YA LOST? NUTHIN'!



WELL, HERE WE ARE. SEE 'AT' GIRL STANDIN' OVER DERE? 'AT'S HER I BET. I'LL HONK...



YEH, SHE'S COMIN' OVER...



I'M GITTIN OUT TA TALK TA HER, HAL. MOVE OVER AN' DRIVE. I'M GOIN' INNA BACK SEAT WITH 'ER. SINCE I SET THIS UP, I GIT FIRST CRACK!



YOU GUYS GIT SLOPPY SECONDS!



IT ONLY TAKES A MINUTE



SO, UH, WHERA YA GO TA SCHOOL? JOHN ADAMS?

NAW, I GO TA HOBAN DOMINICAN.

WHADDYA THINK?

NOT BAD, KINDA SKIZZY BUT BETTER'N I THOT SHE'D BE.



OH, YEAH? DAT'S NICE. RILIGIUS GIRL, HUH? YA GOT ENNY HOBBIES?

WELL, I LIKE MUSIC AN' DANCIN'. WHEN I WAS A KYD I USETA TAP DANCE!



'ZAT RITE? NO  
KIDDIN'? GEEZ YOU  
MUST HAVE  
TALENT!

YEAH,  
I WUZ A GOOD  
TAP DANCER.  
I WUZ EVEN ON THE  
GENE CARROLL  
AMATEUR HOUR  
ON T.V.!



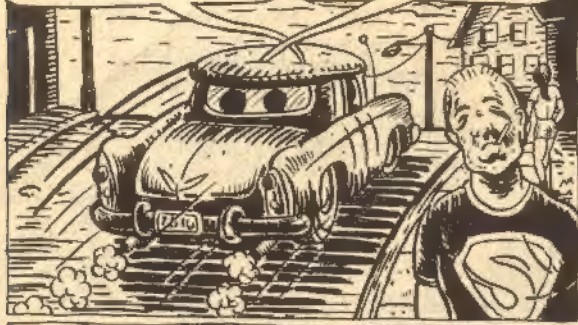
REALLY? MAN,  
YOU MUST'VE BEEN  
GOOD. DIDJA WIN?

NAH!



SO, UH, DO YA  
STILL TAP DANCE?

NAH, IT TOOK  
TOO MUCH A MY  
TIME 'PRACTICIN'.



OH, YEAH, I SEE.  
WATCHYA MEAN...  
GEE, Y'R KINDA CUTE.  
I LIKE 'AT BEAUTY  
SPOT YA GOT.

WHERE?



RIGHT DERE.

BOCK!



SMOOCH!

HEY, HOL' IT UP DERE FER A  
MINIT, WE'RE COMIN' T' TH' MOVIE!  
GIMME YER DOUGH FER TH' TICKET, PHIL!

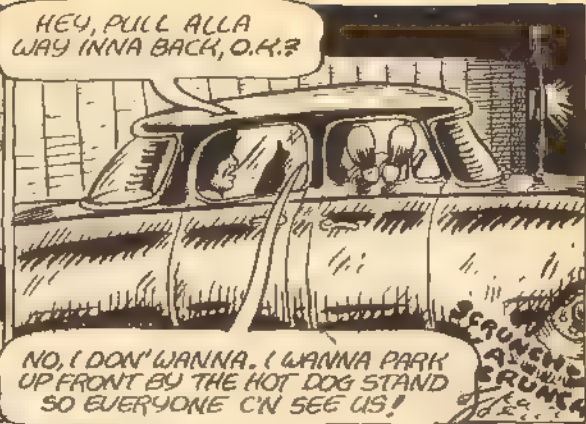


O.K., HAL... ER,  
I MEAN CHESTER.

CHESTER...  
YESSIR,  
MR. DILLON  
HEH, HEH!

SHADDUP!

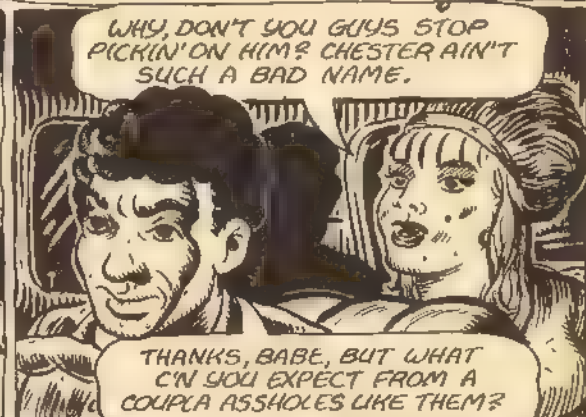




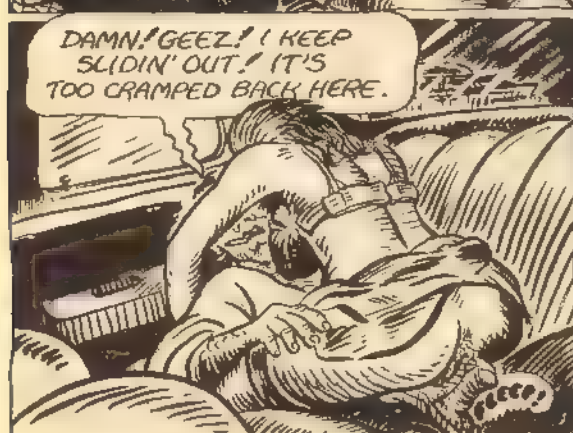
NO, I DON' WANNA. I WANNA PARK UP FRONT BY THE HOT DOG STAND SO EVERYONE C'N SEE US!



YEAH, CHESTER!



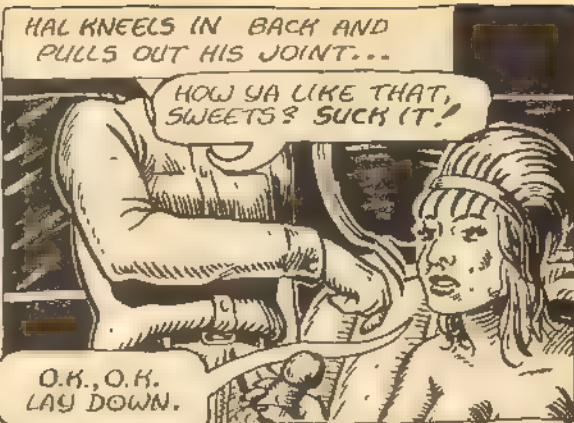
THANKS, BABE, BUT WHAT C'N YOU EXPECT FROM A COUPLA ASSHOLES LIKE THEM?



WORK OUT, PHIL!







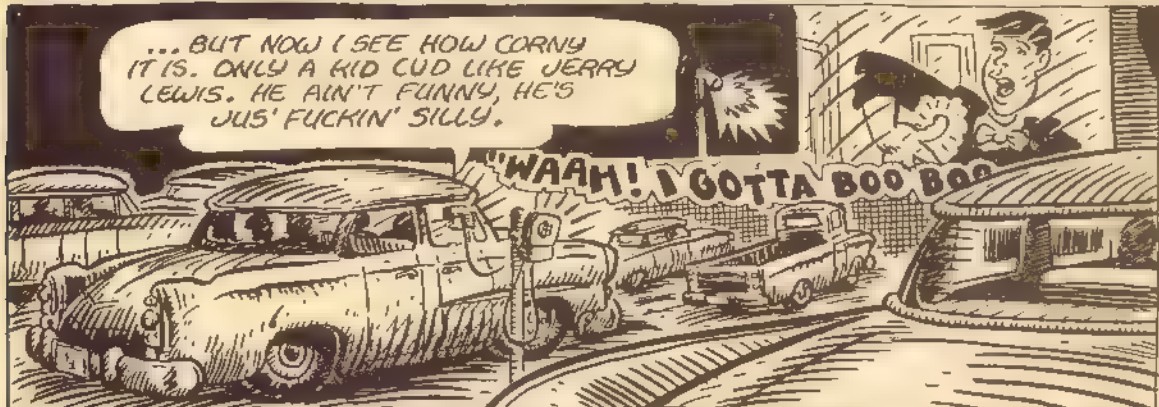




GEEZ, Y'KNOW, THIS MOVIE STINKS, I SAW IT WHEN I WAS A KID AN' I LIKED IT.



... BUT NOW I SEE HOW CORNY IT IS. ONLY A KID CUD LIKE JERRY LEWIS. HE AIN'T FUNNY, HE'S JUS' FUCKIN' SILLY.



HEY, BARBARA, I'M GETTIN' MY SECON' WIND. MIN' IF I GO BACK DERE WITCHA AGAIN? DON, YOU C'N MOVE UP HERE.

PHIL GOES BACK



HEY, Y'KNOW I'D LIKE TA GIT ALONE WITCHA SOMETIME. DIS JUMPIN' IN AN' OUTTA THE BACK SEAT IS A PAIN. WHEN C'N I SEE YOU?



WELL, I'M BABYSITTIN' MONDAY AT THIS LADIES' HOUSE ON MY STREET. I GUESS YOU COULD STOP OVER...



IF YOU COME THOUGH, UH, ...DO YOU S'POSE YOU COULD GIMME A COUPLE DOLLARS OR SOMETHIN'?

AN' THAT'S THE WAY IT WAS... GOIN' WEST.

THE END



# Unfinished Pictures

NAIVE, YES

YET THERE'S A CERTAIN VITALITY

**A REMINISCENCE**  
by HOWARD CRUSE

**A**H, FOR THE NEWLY RIPPENED SEXUALITY OF PUBESCENCE, THE HIGH-VOLTAGE HORNNESS OF YOUTH!

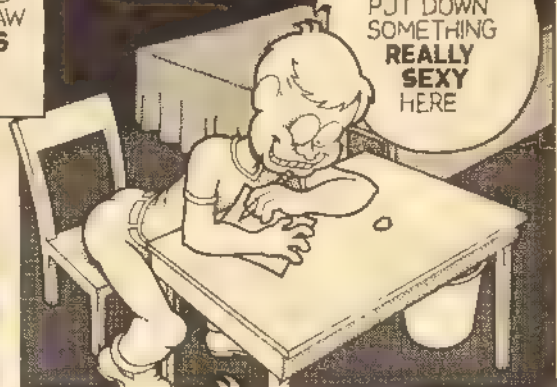
**Y**ECH, FOR THE AGONIES OF NOT BEING ABLE TO DO ANYTHING ABOUT IT!

**A**RTISTS HAVE AN ADVANTAGE, THOUGH...

**I** WAS THIRTEEN WHEN I REALIZED THAT I COULD DRAW DIRTY PICTURES ANYTIME THAT I WANTED TO!

**N**ATURALLY, I LOST NO TIME IN HEADING FOR MY DRAWING TABLE TO MAKE USE OF MY NEWLY-REALIZED POWER!

LET'S SEE I'LL PUT DOWN SOMETHING REALLY SEXY HERE



I CAN JUST TAKE A PENCIL AND...

AND DO IT!!



UH-OH! UH-OH!

HOLY COW!

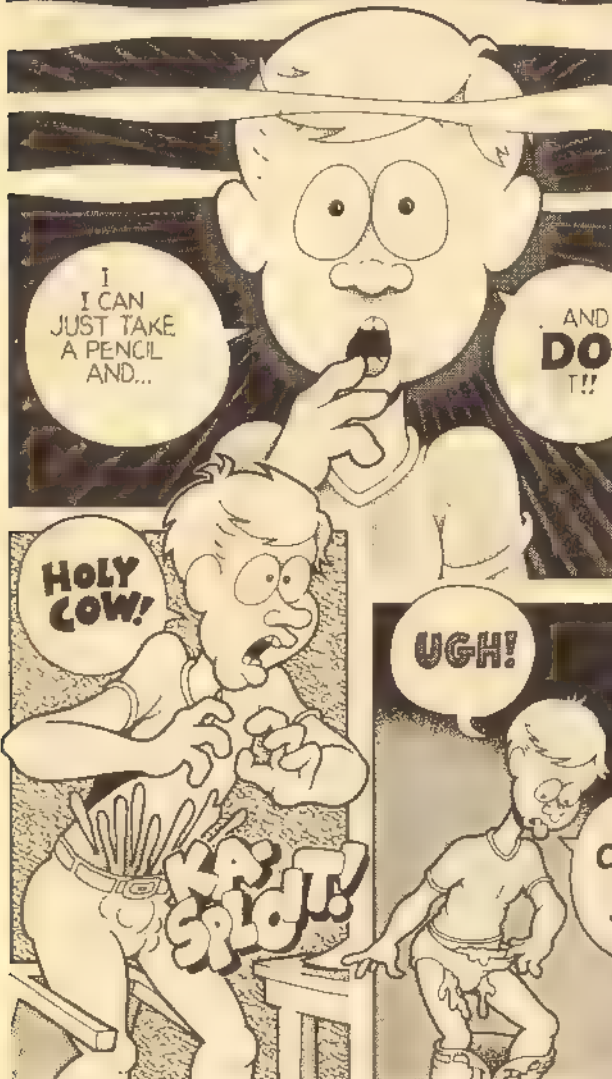
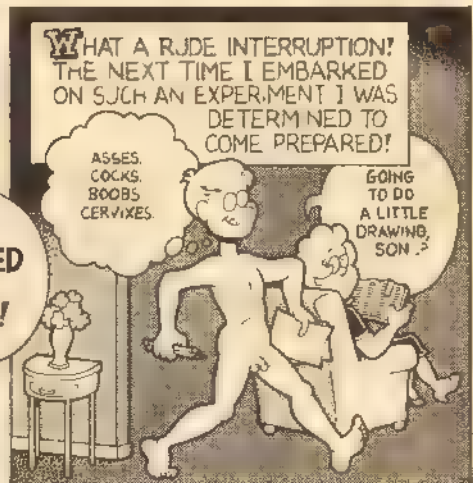
UGH!

I CREAMED IN MY JEANS!

**W**HAT A RUDE INTERRUPTION! THE NEXT TIME I EMBARKED ON SUCH AN EXPERIMENT I WAS DETERMINED TO COME PREPARED!

ASSES. COCKS. BOOBS. CERVIXES.

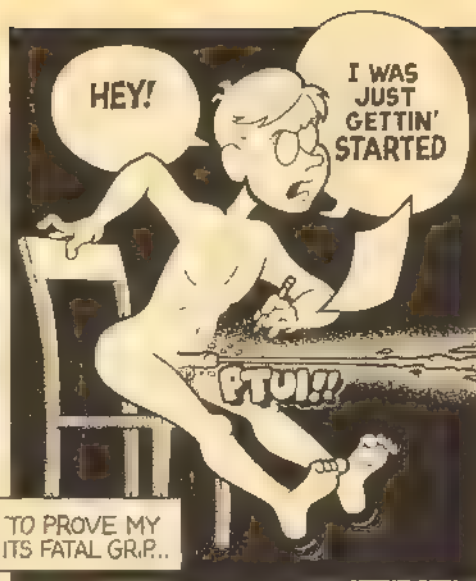
GOING TO DO A LITTLE DRAWING, SON.







THIS TIME I'LL PUT **THIS** THINGIE HERE AND **THIS** THINGIE THERE AND I'LL TIE THIS AND I'LL PUT WHIPPED CREAM ON THIS AND



HEY!

I WAS JUST GETTIN' STARTED

PTUI!!



TIME AFTER TIME, MY ARTISTIC GOALS WERE FRUSTRATED!

HOW'S A GUY SUPPOSED TO GET HIS DIRTY PICTURES FINISHED?!

**B**UT THE PATTERN THAT WAS TO PROVE MY UNDOING QUICKLY ESTABLISHED ITS FATAL GRIP...



I WAS A VIRGINAL VICTIM OF PREMATURE EJACULATION!

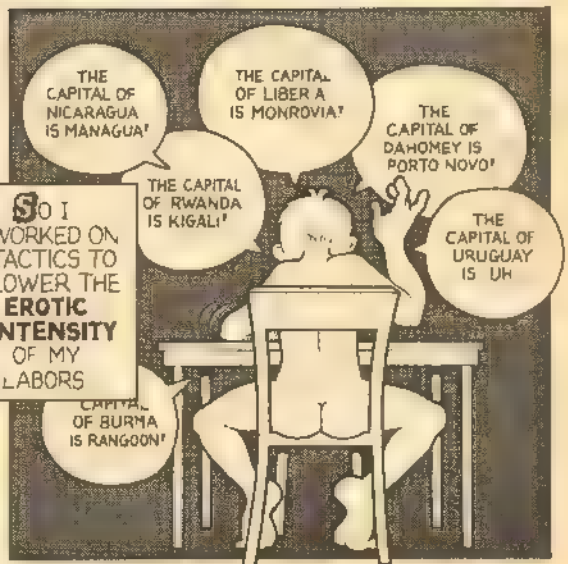
IT'S NOT FAIR!

**I**T WAS NO GOOD TRYING TO FINISH THE DRAWINGS AFTER I'D SHOT MY WAD.



THE THRILL'S GONE

**S**O I WORKED ON TACTICS TO LOWER THE EROTIC INTENSITY OF MY LABORS



THE CAPITAL OF NICARAGUA IS MANAGUA!

THE CAPITAL OF LIBERIA IS MONROVIA!

THE CAPITAL OF DAHOMEY IS PORTO NOVO!

THE CAPITAL OF URUGUAY IS UH

THE CAPITAL OF RWANDA IS KIGALI!

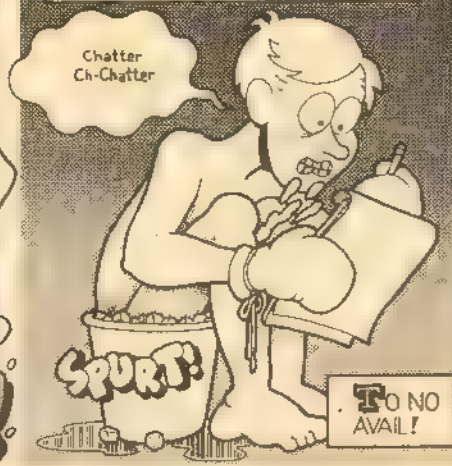
CAPITAL OF BURMA IS RANGOON!



WHAT IS THE CAPITAL OF URUGUAY?

**SPLORT!**

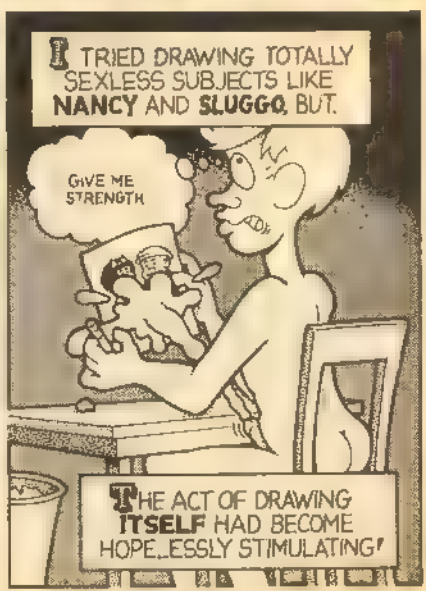
**I** TRIED DRAWING WEARING BOXING GLOVES WHILE SEATED IN A BUCKET OF ICE CUBES...



Chatter Ch-Chatter

SPURT!

**T**O NO AVAIL!



**I** TRIED DRAWING TOTALLY SEXLESS SUBJECTS LIKE NANCY AND SLUGGO, BUT.

GIVE ME STRENGTH

**T**HE ACT OF DRAWING ITSELF HAD BECOME HOPELESSLY STIMULATING!



I WAS UNABLE TO WALK  
NEAR A PENCIL WITHOUT  
GETTING A THROBBING  
ERECTION...

NO...  
PLEASE

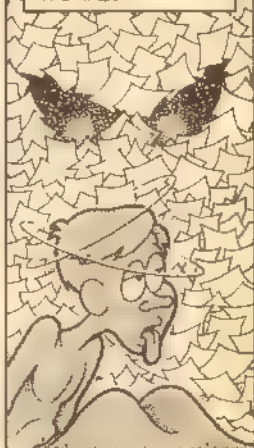
?

GET  
AWAY...



MY NIGHTS WERE BESIEGED  
BY DREAMS OF VOLUPTUOUS  
KNEADED-RUBBER ERASERS...

WHILE MY  
WAKING HOURS  
WERE HAUNTED  
BY MY EVER-  
GROWING STACKS  
OF UNCOMPLETED  
WORKS.



AS A LAST RESORT I  
DECIDED TO HAVE SOMEONE  
'GHOST' MY DRAWINGS

MY  
PUBLIC  
WILL  
NEVER  
KNOW



MARY JUNIPER, IN  
MY CIVICS CLASS WAS  
PRETTY SWIFT WITH A  
DOODLE, SO

IF YOU COULD  
COME OVER... AFTER  
SCHOOL... MY FOLKS  
WILL... BE AWAY...

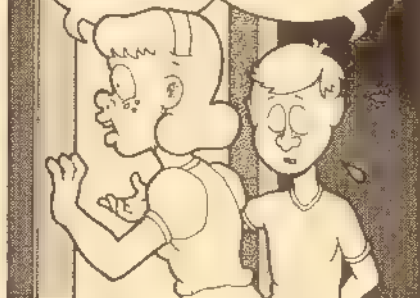
SURE,  
HOWE!



LATER...

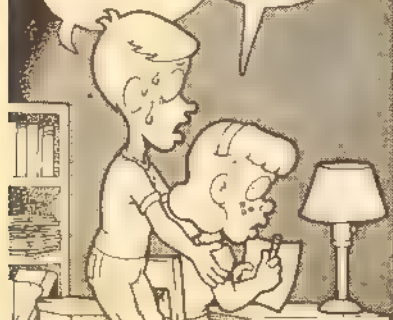
WHAT AN  
INTERESTING  
BEDROOM!

THIS  
IS WHERE  
I DO MY  
CARTOONS!



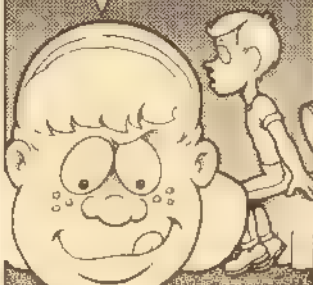
WHAT I WANT  
YOU TO DO  
IS DRAW  
SOME-  
THING  
FOR ME  
DRAW  
ANYTHING...

YOU  
WANT  
ME TO  
DRAW A  
PITCHUR??



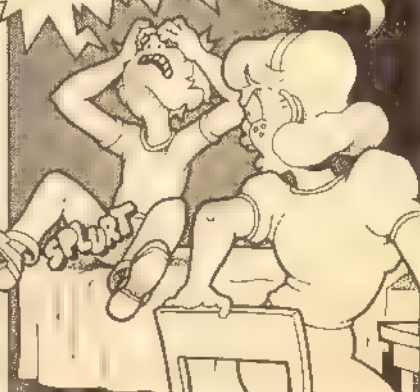
I'LL  
JUST DO  
A DRESS  
FOR KATY  
KEENE  
HERE

I'LL  
SIT  
OVER  
HERE  
AND...



AARGH!

WHAT'S  
GOING  
ON?





OO! ICKY, ICKY!  
LOOK WHAT YOU'VE  
DONE, HOWARD!

I'M  
SORRY

LET  
ME  
OUT  
OF  
HERE!

GIVE ME A  
CALL WHEN YOU  
GROW UP,  
MR. CRUSE!!

SLAM

DRIP DRIP

EVEN TALLY I DID  
GROW UP - BUT I  
NEVER CALLED HER!

Before

After

AND INCREASING  
MATURITY TOOK CARE  
OF MOST OF MY  
SEXUAL DILEMMA

YOU  
WANT  
TO BUY A  
WHOLE  
BOX OF  
PENCILS??

IT'S O.K.~  
I CAN  
HANDLE  
IT NOW!

I'VE BEEN KNOWN TO DRAW AN  
ENTIRE COMIC BOOK WITHOUT  
HAVING A SINGLE ORGASM!

I  
GET MY  
SATIS-  
FACTION  
FROM A  
JOB  
WELL  
DONE!

I'VE EVEN THOUGHT ABOUT GOING BACK AND  
FINISHING THOSE FIRST PICTURES, NOW THAT  
I'VE CONQUERED MY DIFFICULTIES...

SIGH...

BUT I'VE  
FORGOTTEN  
NOW WHAT  
IT WAS I  
WAS GOING  
TO DRAW!



# FEMINIST HOOKERS from OUTER SPACE

AUTHOR'S NOTE: THE FOLLOWING STORY WAS SENT TO ME IN A LETTER;  
I RELATE IT EXACTLY AS IT CAME TO ME, WITH SLIGHT REVISIONS.

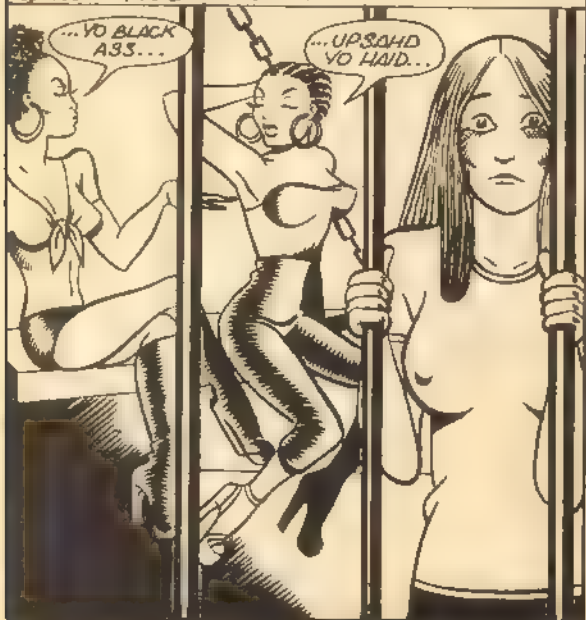
DEAR TRINA, (THE LETTER BEGINS) I HAD  
A DREAM THAT REMINDED ME OF YOUR WORK  
SO I FIGURED I'D SEND IT TO YOU... I'M  
HANGING OUT WITH SOME FRIENDS ON THE  
STREETS OF BERKELEY...



SUDDENLY THESE COPS MARCH UP AND  
BUST US FOR PROSTITUTION! TURNS OUT  
THIS IS SOMETHING NEW THEY'RE TRYING  
TO GET RID OF THE STREET PEOPLE.



EVEN THOUGH I'M INNOCENT, I'M STUCK  
IN A JAIL CELL WITH TWO BEAUTIFUL  
BLACK HOOKERS...



BY THE TIME I GET OUT I'VE BECOME A  
HARDENED HOOKER. I WEAR BLACK VELVET  
HOT PANTS AND HANG OUT WITH THE TWO  
BLACK WOMEN...





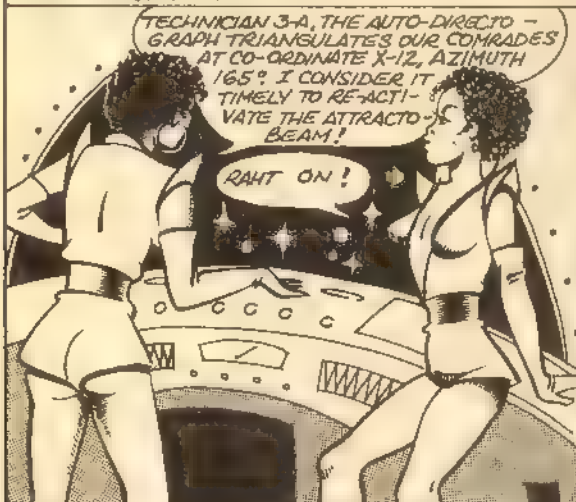
ONE DAY THE BERKELEY POLICE CHIEF WHO IS RESPONSIBLE FOR THE BUSTS IS OUT MAKING A SPEECH. MY FRIENDS AND I SNEAK INTO HIS OFFICE...



WE WAIT IN AMBUSH AND WHEN HE COMES BACK WE ATTACK AND CAPTURE HIM...



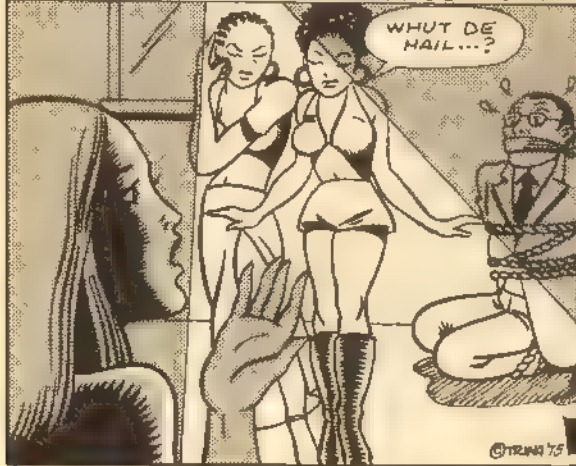
MEANWHILE, IN A SPACESHIP ENCIKING THE EARTH...



AS THEY FLOAT UP THE BEAM TO THEIR WAITING SPACESHIP, ONE OF THEM RAISES HER ARM IN A LAST SALUTE...



BACK IN THE POLICE CHIEF'S OFFICE A MYSTERIOUS BEAM OF LIGHT SHINES THROUGH THE WINDOW AND ENCIKLES MY TWO HOOKER FRIENDS...



THANK AND A TIP OF THE SNOOD TO EDITH T. MIRANTE, MILL VALLEY, CALIFORNIA.



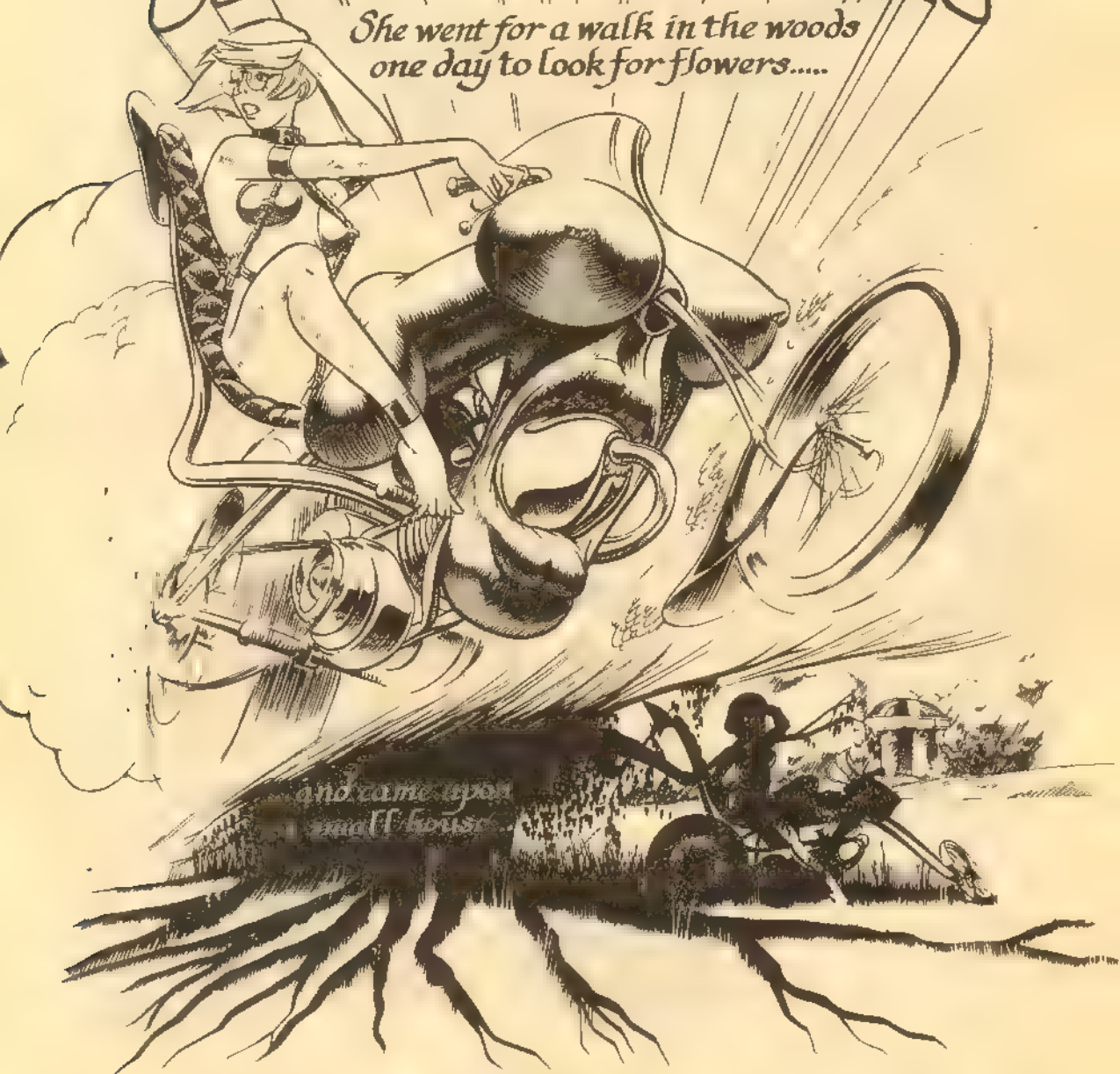




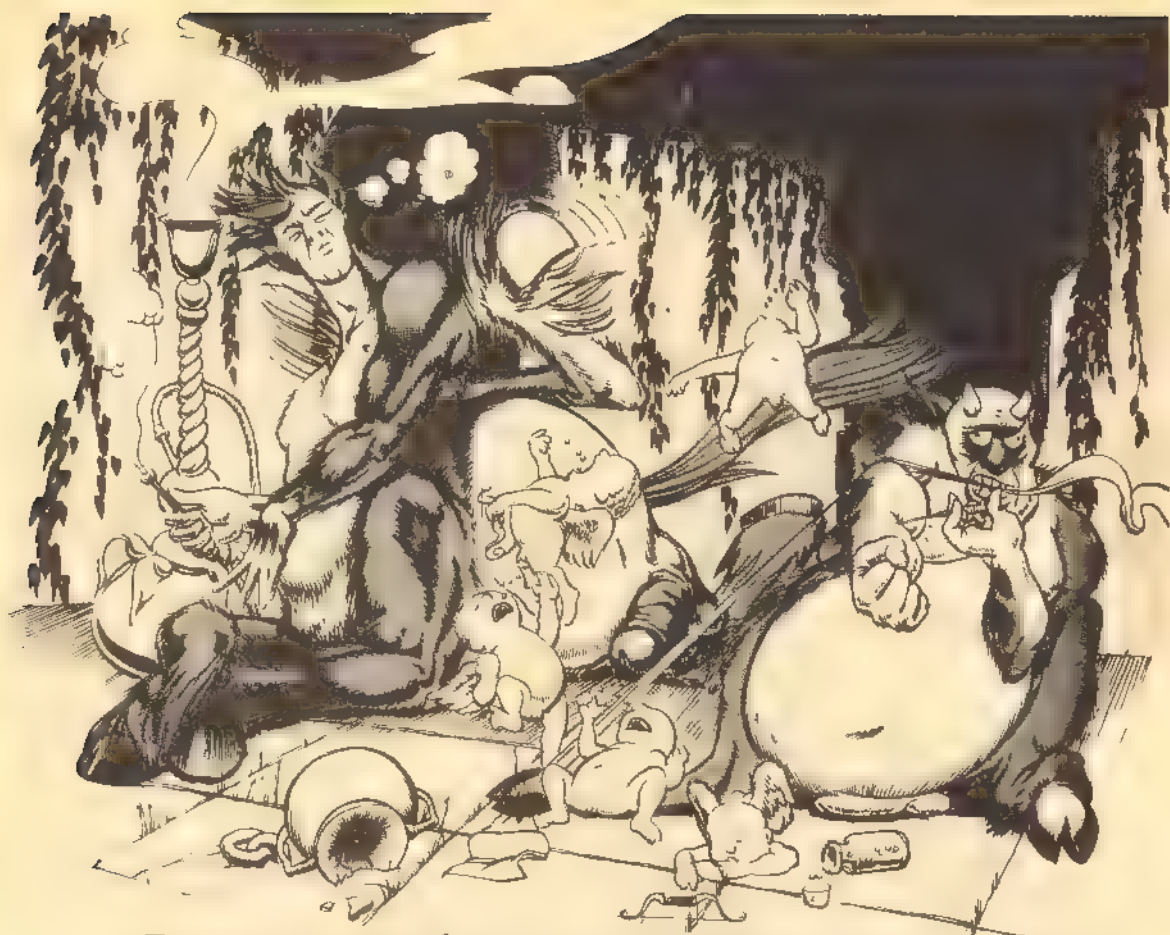
Once upon a time, there lived a little girl, just like you,  
whose name was....

# GOLDEN LOCKS

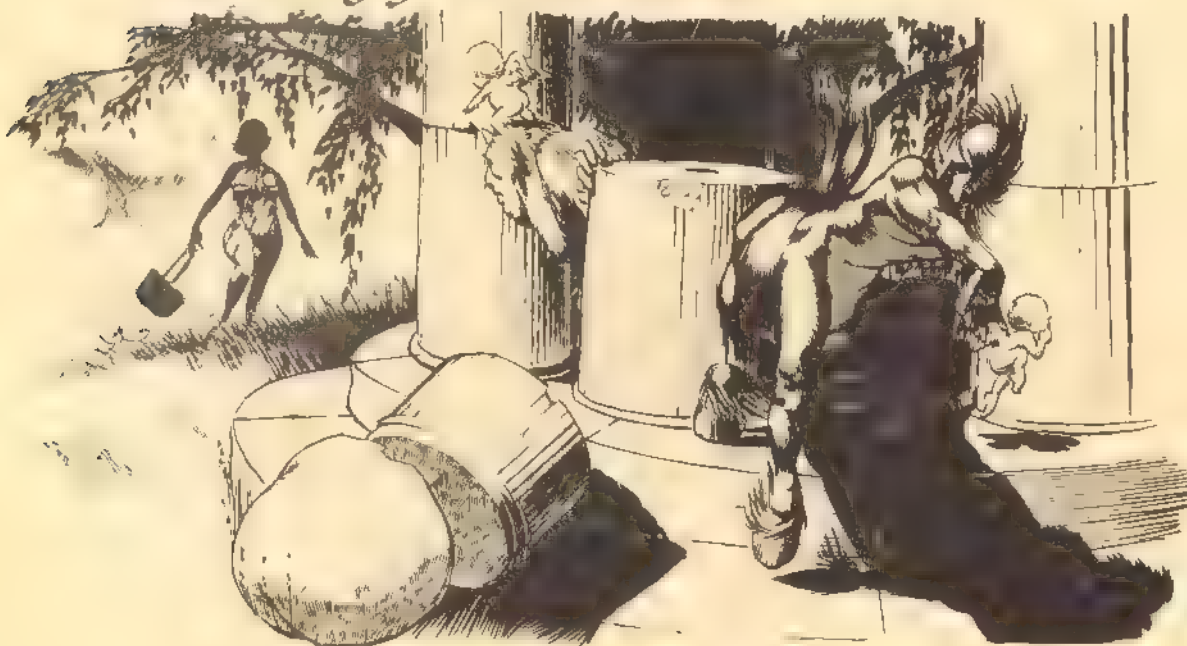
She went for a walk in the woods  
one day to look for flowers....









*In the house lived the bear family, who had just sat down to a nice bowl of porridge...It was too hot, so they decided to go for a walk....*









Goldilocks came up to  
the house and went  
inside. She found  
the porridge  
and tried the  
Papa bear's  
bowl....




...It was  
too hot!...




.... Mama bear's was  
too cold....




Baby bear's was  
just right so  
she ate it  
all up....



Then, Goldilocks became  
very sleepy and went  
to find a place  
to lie down....



Then, the bear family  
came home....



*Daddy Bear  
said..  
"Someone's  
been  
sleeping  
in my bed"*



...and Mama bear said,  
"Who's been sleeping  
in my bed?"

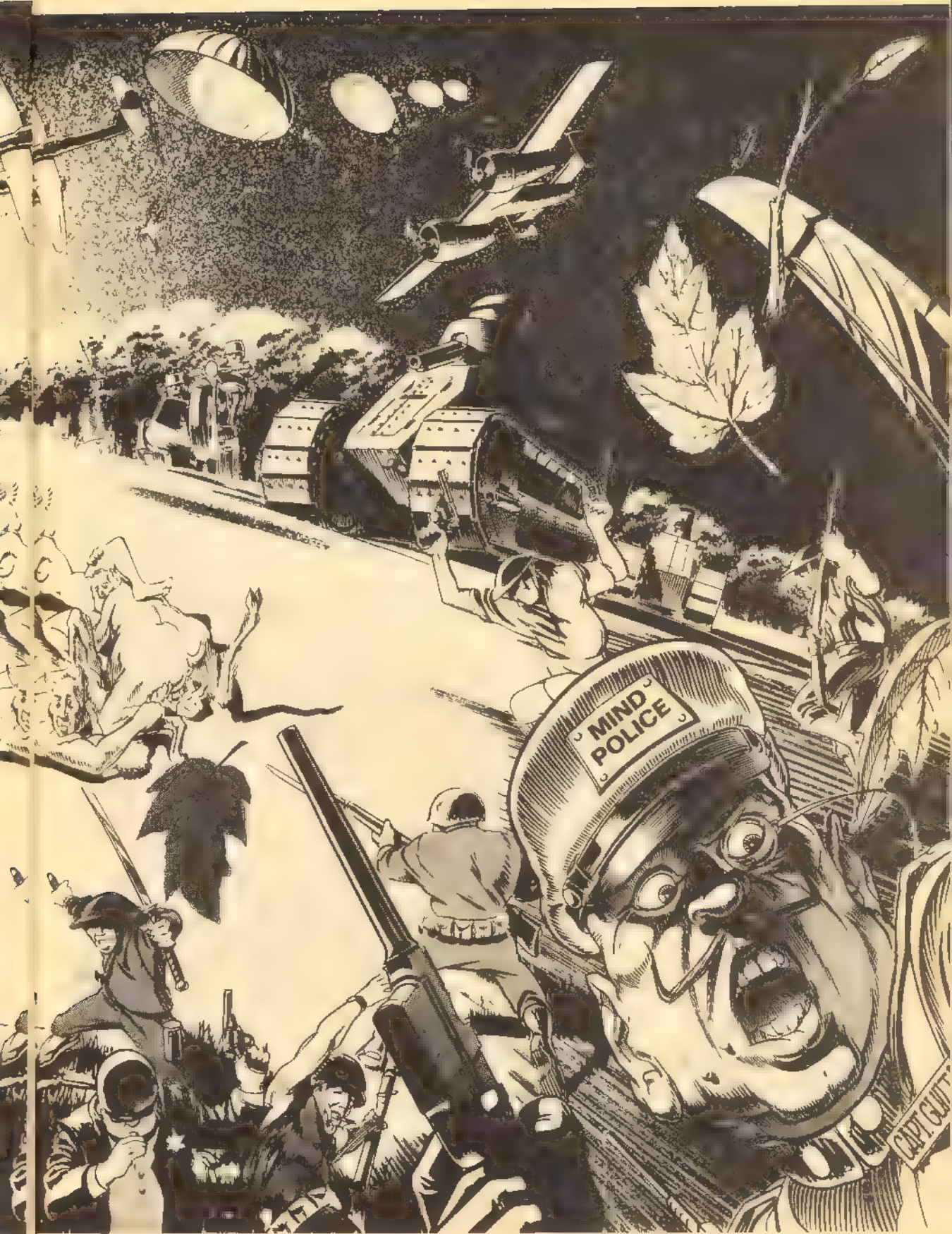


and baby  
bear said...



... then, the bear family found Goldilocks...







*And chased Goldilocks all the way home!*



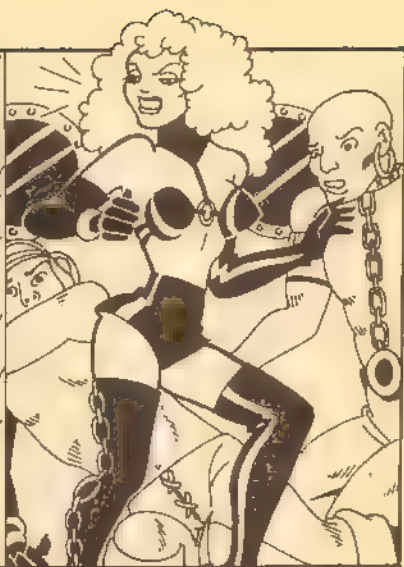


# The Adventures of Kinky

By SHEENA

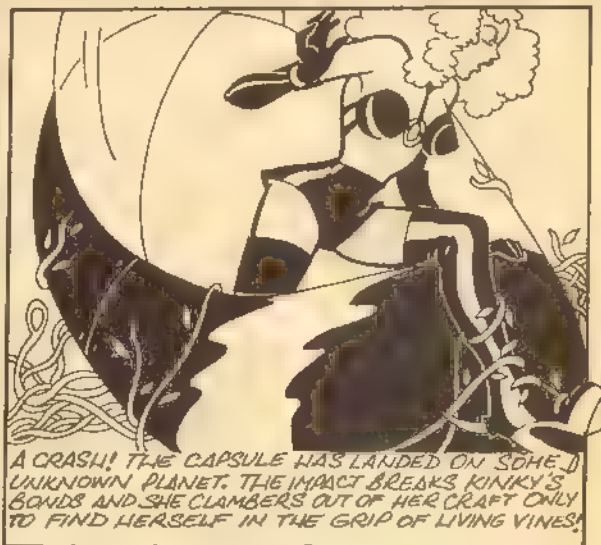
**K**INKY, NOTORIOUS PIRATE QUEEN AND HER CREW ARE ON THE LAM. AFTER STEALING THE JEWELLED EYE FROM RAUNCHII-POO, THE LIZARD GOD, EVEN PLUTO, HOME OF SOCIETY DRESS, IS TOO HOT FOR THEM. THEY FLEE TO THE SAFETY OF INFRA-SPACE. AFTER TWO WEEKS IN INFRA-SPACE...

THE ALREADY RAW NERVES OF THE ALL-MALE CREW GET FURTHER STIMULATED BY THE SIGHT OF KINKY STRIDING ABOUT IN 7" PLATFORM BOOTS. WHEN ONE TRIES TO LAY A HAND ON HER, KINKY SNARLS: "DOWN CUR, I AM YOUR CAP-TAIN!"



FINALLY THIS TREATMENT PROVES TOO MUCH FOR THE CREW AND THEY MUTINY. AFTER SUBJECTING KINKY TO CERTAIN INDIGNITIES, THEY BIND HER AND PLACE HER IN A TINY LIFE-CAPSULE WHICH IS SET ADRIFT IN SPACE.

BOUND IN THE CAPSULE, KINKY DRIFTS FOR WHAT SEEMS LIKE ETERNITY...



A CRASH! THE CAPSULE HAS LANDED ON SOME UNKNOWN PLANET. THE IMPACT BREAKS KINKY'S BONDS AND SHE CLAMBERS OUT OF HER CRAFT ONLY TO FIND HERSELF IN THE GRIP OF LIVING VINES!

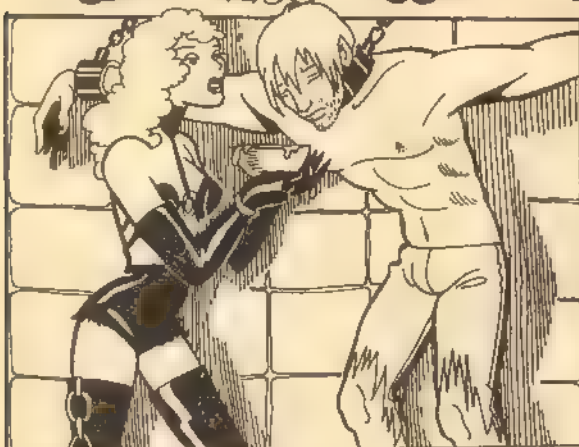


THE VINES WIND ROUND HER LUSH BODY, COVERING HER FROM HEAD TO TOE AND MAKING IT IMPOSSIBLE FOR HER TO MOVE. THEY TIGHTEN ABOUT HER THROAT...

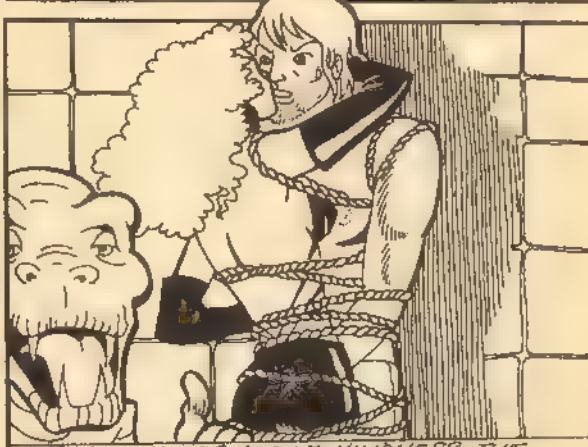
AT THE POINT OF STRANGULATION, KINKY IS SAVED BY THE BLAST OF A RAY GUN WHICH WITHERS THE VINES. BUT NOW SHE FINDS HERSELF CAPTIVE OF A LIZARDLIKE WARRIOR.



SHE IS BROUGHT IN CHAINS BEFORE THE LIZARD KING. "SO!" HE ROARS, "THIS IS THE SHE-SKRAA WHO STOLE THE EYES FROM OUR GOD! THROW HER IN THE PIT, WHERE SHE SHALL LANGUISH TILL HER CREW RANSOMS HER!"



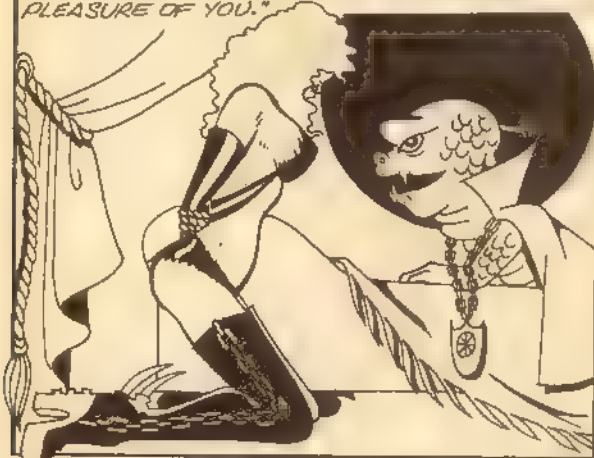
IN THE PIT, AN EARTHMAN IS CHAINED TO THE WALL. "WATER..." HE MOANS. THE GUARDS JEER. "MONSTERS!" EXCLAIMS KINKY, AND SHE GIVES THE PRISONER WATER.



ENRAGED BY THIS ACT OF KINDNESS, THE GUARDS BIND THE TWO PRISONERS TOGETHER, FACE TO FACE. KINKY MURMURS, "WE MAY AS WELL TAKE ADVANTAGE OF THE SITUATION..."



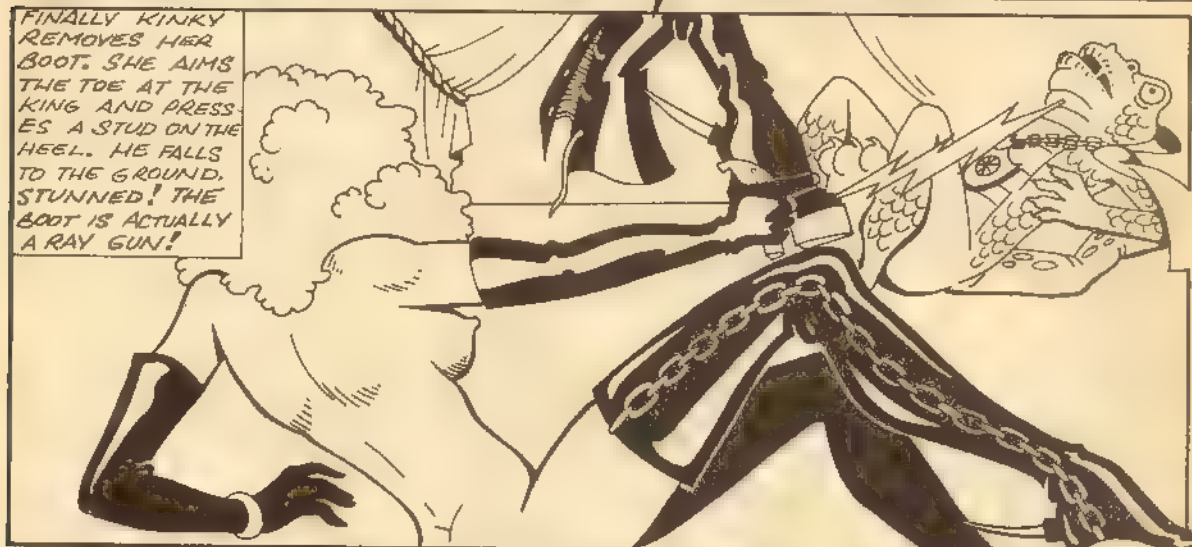
LATER KINKY IS LED TO THE QUARTERS OF THE LIZARD KING. HE SAYS, "WHILE WAITING FOR YOUR RANSOM, I MAY AS WELL TAKE MY PLEASURE OF YOU."



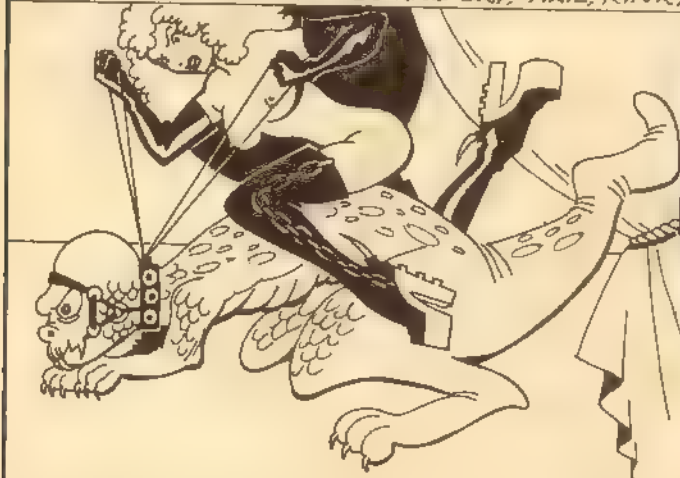
KINKY SMILES SEDUCTIVELY. "FIRST, O KING, LET ME ENTERTAIN YOU WITH A DANCE FROM MY HOME PLANET, CALLED A STRIP-TEASE!"



FINALLY KINKY REMOVES HER BOOT. SHE AIMS THE TOE AT THE KING AND PRESSES A STUD ON THE HEEL. HE FALLS TO THE GROUND, STUNNED! THE BOOT IS ACTUALLY A RAY GUN!



THE GUARDS RUSH IN TO FIND THEIR KING IN HARNESS BEING RIDDEN BY KINKY, THE NEW QUEEN OF LIZARDS. THEY FALL TO THEIR KNEES AND CRY, "HAIL, KINKY!"



"AND NOW," MURMURS KINKY, "DO BRING TO MY QUARTERS THAT HANDSOME EARTH-MAN..."

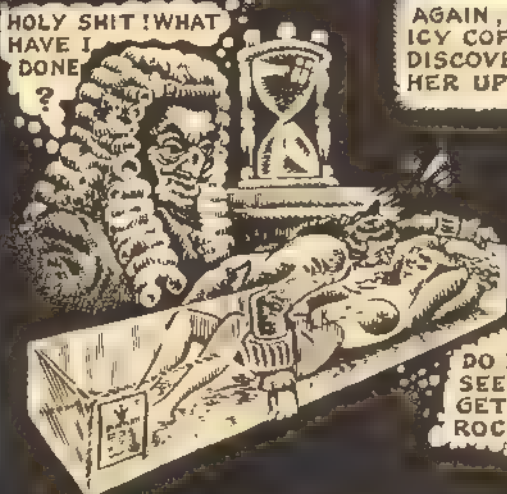
THE  
End

# PIMPERNEL

169 YEARS AGO THE MARQUIS DE SADE STUMBLED UPON A METHOD OF DEEP-FREEZING HIS TASTY TITBITS. BEING THE CRANK HE WAS, HE LOST THE FORMULA

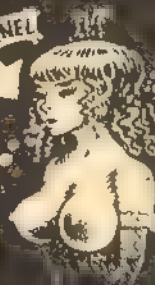
HOLY SHIT! WHAT HAVE I DONE?

AGAIN, SO PIMPERNEL WAS DOOMED TO REST IN HER ICY COFFIN UNTIL DR. GREYBALLS, MD DISCOVERED THE FORMULA THAT SET HER UP FOR BUSINESS ONCE AGAIN.



WHY DO I NEVER SEEM TO GET MY ROCKS OF?

PIMPERNEL



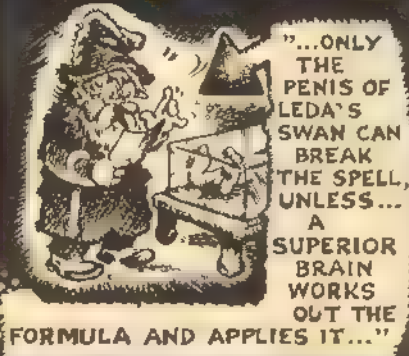
I FOUND IT AT LAST



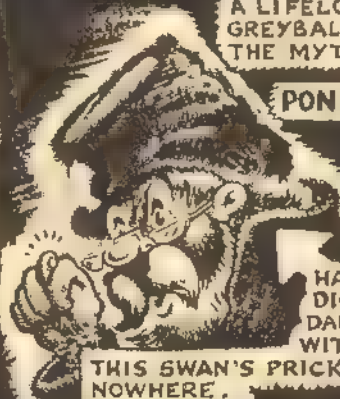
169 YEARS LATER, AFTER A LIFELONG SEARCH, DR. GREYBALLS DISCOVERS THE MYTHICAL DEEFPREEZE DISPLAY.

PONDERING:

A NICE



"...ONLY THE PENIS OF LEDA'S SWAN CAN BREAK THE SPELL, UNLESS... A SUPERIOR BRAIN WORKS OUT THE FORMULA AND APPLIES IT..."



HAVE TO DIG UP THIS DAME LEDA. WITHOUT

THIS SWAN'S PRICK I'M NOWHERE.

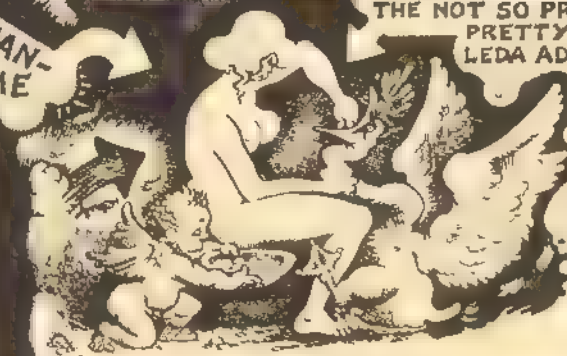


MESS THIS IS GONNA BE!

IN THE MEAN-TIME

LEDA HAS BEEN AT IT 24 TIMES A DAY FOR 3000 YEARS AND HER SWAN IS HIP TO A CHANGE OF SCENERY.

THE NOT SO PRETTY, BUT PRETTY STRONG LEDA ADMINISTERING OXO POWER TO HER SWAN.

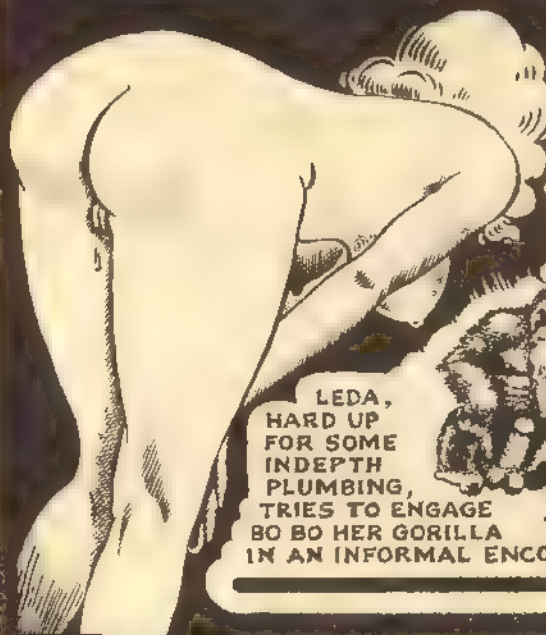


WONDER WHEN IT'S MY TURN!



DRAWINGS+TEXT BY:  
KROLLY THE CAT





COME  
BO BO !

YECHEH!  
BO BO FED  
UP WITH  
FUCKING FOR  
FUN ONLY.  
WANT PAYOLA  
PAYOLA

LEDA,  
HARD UP  
FOR SOME  
INDEPTH  
PLUMBING,  
TRIES TO ENGAGE  
BO BO HER GORILLA  
IN AN INFORMAL ENCOUNTER.

... SO ...



BOEH



THE HORNY SAVANT PROCEEDS  
ON FOOT...

BUT THEN AT LAST!



AFTER SLEEPING FOR  
160 YEARS

BO BO'S ANIMAL HEAT MELTS  
THE ICY COFFIN BUT DEAD MEAT  
IS NOT HIS CUP OF TEA.

ALPHAOMEGA  
PENIS LABIA!  
RAM IT UP YOUR  
YUMMY, CAUSE  
GREY-BALLS  
AIN'T NO DUMMY!



THAT'S  
SOMETHING  
ONLY  
GORDIAN  
PRICK  
GREASE  
CAN  
UNDO !!!



PIMPERNEL, WAKING UP IN  
THE MIDDLE OF AN ORGASM,  
CLEARS THE TABLE IN ONE  
MIGHTY BOUND, THEREBYE..

BUT WHERE TO  
FIND THAT ? SIGHS  
THE DOCTOR

BUT OF COURSE !  
LEDA EXCLAIMS.  
YOU'LL HAVE TO  
SEE THE ZIGZAG  
FUCKER FOR  
THAT. HE'LL  
STRAIGHTEN  
YOU OUT !!

CAUSING GREY-BALLS  
PRICK TO TIE ITSELF  
INTO A KNOT.



THAT INSTANT DR. GREY-BALLS  
IS CROSSING  
THE RIVER...



ON THE OPPOSITE BANK  
LEDA'S CASTLE LOOMS DARKLY..

# PIMPERNEL

THIS COMIC STRIP EXCLUSIVELY FOR UNIONIZED FUCKERS AND SUCKERS, MUFFDIVERS AND CRACKPOTS.

NGE-HOUDEN VOORAFGELEGDE  
INTERMISSIE

HOWEVER, OUR COURAGEOUS DR. GREYBALLS IS STILL STUCK WITH HIS KNOTTED UP DONG, SO PIMPERNEL AND HE GO ON THEIR WAY TO THE INFAMOUS ZIG ZAG FUCKER FOR A TASTE OF HIS EQUALLY INFAMOUS GORDIAN PRICK GREASE.

FOR BRAIN-DAMAGE, CHROMO-SOME FREAK-OUTS AND LEAKING GENITALS, REPORT IT TO YOUR FAN, DR. WERTHAM, AND SEE YOUR FRIENDLY CONGRESSMAN.



WHY HIM?

ONLY HE KNOWS THE UNMENTIONABLE INGREDIENTS



NOW LET'S BE OFF TO SEE WHAT THIS FIEND HAS TO OFFER OUR JADED TASTES!!



HM..MIDNIGHT..TIME FOR SOME INDOOR SPORTS!



THIS IS THE KEY TO MY SUBTERRANEAN PARADISE. THIS IS GONNA BE A BALL TONIGHT, I FEEL MY JUICES RISING ALREADY..GRMPF GRMPF...

OH NO!! THERE HE COMES AGAIN! I HEAR HIS

BALLS JINGLING...



THE THREE CRUELLY CHAINED TEENY BOPPERS SHIVER AND SHAKE UNCONTROLLABLY. WHAT MORE WILL FATE HAVE IN STORE FOR THEM?

AND WHAT IS THIS REPULSIVE GNOME UP TO NOW?





JEZUS CHRIST,  
I THINK I'M  
LOSING  
SOME JUICE  
ALREADY



BUT FOREPLAY OR NO  
FOREPLAY, FIRST HE  
HAS TO RUB ON SOME  
GORDIAN PRICK GREASE.

OUR  
SINISTER FRIEND OPENS  
THE DOOR TO  
HIS HORRIFIC  
ZIG ZAG CAVE,...



GRUMBLING  
ALL THE TIME ABOUT  
THE SORES OF HIS  
PROSTATIC GLANDS..



HAHAHA

THAT'S  
THAT!  
THE  
GREASE  
WORKS  
PER-  
FECT-  
LY!!

STRAIGHT  
AS A  
RULER

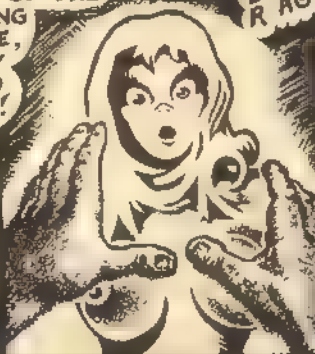
COME HERE, SLUT !!  
YOU'R GONNA  
GET PLUG-  
GED AND  
DRILLED...!!

MOH..  
MOTHER!



WHEN THE GIRLS SEE HIM  
AND OBSERVE THE GRISLY  
RITUAL OF PRICK GREASE  
MAKING, THEY ARE SO  
OVERCOME BY THE  
NAUSEATING  
SPECTACLE,  
THAT THEY  
FALL INTO  
A SWDON!!

..AND WHEN  
I'M DONE  
WITH YOU,  
I'LL THROW  
YOU TO  
THE DOG!!



HERE IT COMES!!

BUT BEWARE THE  
FIRST BITCH THAT  
CROSSES MY PATH..



WHAT  
ABOUT  
THE  
BIRDS?  
**NERO**  
I THINKS:  
THAT  
AIN'T FIT  
FOR DOGS  
ANYMORE



HEY MAN, AIN'T YOU OVERDOIN' IT A BIT?

HE IS GRAB-BING HER, O!

OW  
MY GOD, AND THE POOR GIRL IS SO TIGHT CUNTED..

I TOLD YOU TEN TIMES AL-READY:

LET'S CHECK IF YOUR PELVIS IS WIDE ENOUGH TO ACCOMMODATE ME. FACE THE SCREEN YOU BLUBBERCUNT!

YEAH YEAH

JESUS, ALL THAT TROUBLE JUST TO LAY AN EGG!

THIS IS HOW THE SPERMPOWERED FORCED

HELP!

IT STINKS IN HERE!?

FUCKING MACHINE OPERATES. NO QUARTER ASKED. NO QUARTER GIVEN... BRING IN THE NIPPLE-PINCERS

MMM, I SEE. THIS WILL HURT YOU MORE THAN ME

AND NOW

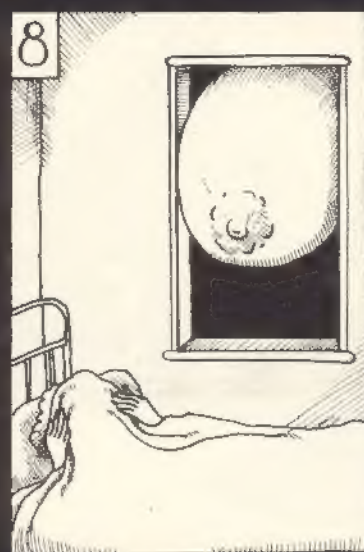
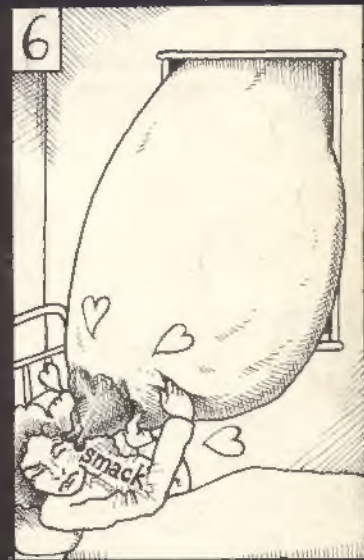
YOU'LL PUT ON THIS PRICK HELMET!!!

APHRODISIA PENIS LABIA?

OH.. NO, NOT THE NIPPLE-PINCERS... MY GOD!

REMEMBER THIS IDYLIC INTERLUDE AND THE KNOTTY PROBLEM RESULTING? DR GREYBALLS IS STILL LOOKING FOR PRICK GREASE, WHILE THE ZIG ZAG FUCKER IS WORKING OUT ON HIS GONADS HOME TRAINER. IS THIS TO BE CONTINUED?







LOOKS EVEN BETTER  
THEN IT SMELLS





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SEX  
No. 4**

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